Space Ghost Coast To Coast

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27034438.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Space Wanderer!Will, Galaxy-level Crime Lord!Hannibal
Additional Tags:	AU - Space Cyberpunk, I don't know what they are but they are definitely immortal, Canon-Typical Violence, Hannibal has pink hair, And wears purple suit, Will got a moth tattoo on his temple after getting wasted, Also description of prison life, No Beta, Title from Glass Animals song, Product of listening to an unhealthy amount of psychedelic music
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of October Writing Experiments 2020 👁👄👁
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-16 Completed: 2020-10-17 Words: 4,845 Chapters: 2/2

Space Ghost Coast To Coast

by celestialcello

Summary

His favourite, Winston, a wicked little monster with butterfly wings and poisonous fangs passed away after living a gluttonous 50 years. Smoking definitely did nothing good to Winston, as it turned out. To celebrate (and to grieve, perhaps, but Will Graham has long since become incapable of this kind of emotions), he inebriated himself with 75% pure ethanol shots, and woke up in a dumpster in a stingy, unlit back alley of Kepler-444.

==========

As usual, prompt list from @tarmasz on instagram!

For reference of hair colour, y'all please go see @hcnnibal's breathtaking hannigram x vocaloid art he posted a while ago (https://hcnnibal.tumblr.com/tagged/vati+draws/page/2). The kind of content that keeps me on that hell of a website :D

Also go listen to Glass Animals, I love them😭

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

He has wandered deep down towards the boundary of Laneakia, past the wingtip of the Pegasus to the top of Hydra. For countless years the space was a boundless star-lit ocean burning neon pink and electrified purple, his home (does he still remember where it was?). He decorated the hallway of *Abigail* with the dried bones of fish he caught from the Eye of Sauron, their claws gleaming coldly in the dark, interspersed with taxidermies of the dogs he has owned.

He has owned numerous of them throughout the years, most rescued from estranged comets and deserted moons. Some were hairless, some with three pairs of eyes and lizard tail, some he had to keep in an adapted emergency safe-boats trailing outside. A convenient, organic way to dispose of the bodies. His favourite, Winston, a wicked little monster with butterfly wings and poisonous fangs passed away after living a gluttonous 50 years. Smoking definitely did nothing good to Winston, as it turned out. To celebrate (and to grieve, perhaps, but Will Graham has long since become incapable of this kind of emotions), he inebriated himself with 75% pure ethanol shots, and woke up in a dumpster in a stingy, unlit back alley of Kepler-444.

He pushed himself out of its reeking depth and neatly snapped the neck of a mugger sneaking up at him from the back. The headache was just bordering onto being unbearable, though nothing to when he broke all four of his limbs from the restraints to escape from an Interstellar Federal prison. *Fond memory*, he thought of the hallway embellished with spilled viscera and the gleaming reflection from paint-like blood, green, blue and red and the liberating feeling of healing bones. Freely those images overlapped with the piss-soaked walls of the alleyway as he staggred his way towards the exit.

A smashed full-length mirror with just a few broken shards clinging onto tis frame was lying against the wall, reflecting eerie bands of light from afar. And Will cursed when he noticed his new sky-blue hair and the butterfly tattoo just below his temple from the reflection.

‘Fuck.’ He sighed. This was definitely some of his most stupid decision after getting drunk. Not that Will cared much about appearance, but normally he would not go for something so… flashy, that was all. Activating his neural connection to Abigail’s system, Will relaxed a little more when the implant on his cornea showed that his beautiful ship was well hidden 30 minutes away from the Kepler Central at an abandoned old port.

‘Wait for me love, will be there ASAP.’ He whispered quietly as he discarded his soiled polythene jacket, leaving him in just a black T-shirt with Winston’s braing its fangs at the passerby, complemented with black gravity-control pants, adapted to hold a dozen knives and micro-explosives for any situation Will might find himself in.

‘Idiot.’ Abigail soon replied, provoking a loud string of laughter from Will under the potassium-burning streetlights that were a hallmark of Kepler’s night-life area. No one even bothered to look at him as iridescent shadows drifting in and out of the numerous venues lining both sides of the street, beats, chords, pungent smell of synthesised drugs floated in the

air. He looked up at the sky with various supernovas and clusters near and far, as well as someone's naked ass against a second-floor window.

Part of Will was tempted to make his way into one of these random bars, with their screaming music and half-awake crowds, always too warm. Always too cold. Perhaps he would find company just for the night, or perhaps he would find prey to sink his teeth into. Something was always going on behind close doors in these places, and every time opening them meant a feast. Of course, Will could fight with most of the legal and illegal weapons that had been in use in the known galaxies, but he preferred hands.

And just as his fluttering heart was whispering bloody words into the restless depth of his mind, he saw a muscular humanoid male with scaly green skin dragging a half-drunk girl inside the door of a bar just around the corner of the next street after passing the bouncer some bribe not so subtly. He could barely make out those powerless fingers held onto the frame of the door in a final attempt to escape. The bouncer gave her an impatient shove, and considered the matter closed.

The birds are silent in their nest, and I must seek for mine. Shame, he hasn't had time to find a new dog yet. Will adjusted his posture slightly, hiding his glinting eyes and eagerness under those long eyelashes that blended into the hazy look of the crowd surrounding him.

When Will stood in front of the same bouncer with a lopsided grin, the latter failed to discern the shape of a fiercer beast from the man's elongated shadows framed in shifting violet.

He studied Will's outfit, clearly noticed the recent tattoo and the dog pattern on his worn shirt and wrinkled his nose. *He would place these hands inside the man's opened stomach, with the rigid paleness seeking for lights that he had destroyed so callously.* A design came together in Will's mind, and it would look beautiful in monochromic magenta light.

'Look man, I'm sorry but the venue's at its full capacity at this hour. Go somewhere else, ok?' He tried to dismiss Will as quickly as possible in the same way he had always done when suspicious strangers tried to enter. The bar was strictly a family business, after all.

Just as Will was about to take out some counterfeit Federation coins, a low, cooling voice called out from behind him, which immediately sent Will's muscle tense and his hand on the hilt of one of his titanium knives.

'He was a friend, Osbald. His tattoo came from my shop. Do you think you could let us in just this once?' Will could not recall where he had heard the prosody and words, but he had, somewhere, at some time, and apparently the owner of the voice was important enough for him to remember. And his gaze flitted pass the stunned, scared look on the bouncer's face onto the man who emerged from nowhere.

The newcomer was wearing a preposterous purple suit (bullet-proof material), a pair of brogues with flamboyant patterns of flowers printed on them (there are at least two guns and a battle knife around his ankle, as well as hidden blades in those lead-plated heels - how can the man put up with these uncomfortable shits?) complemented with carefully coiffured neon pink hair that was like an oxymoron to his all-so-aristocratic demeanour.

Osbald swallowed, a gesture which didn't escape Will's notice. His distrust deepened even more when the man claimed to know the origin of the idiotic butterfly tattoo.

'Well, if you say so, Mr. Lecter. Your friend is our friend. C'mon in.' Osbald, who clearly had been waiting for a chance to speak with Lecter, stepped aside in deference, and held the door open in a theatrical gesture much to the man's well-hidden distaste. Will watched the whole exchange with suspicion, more eager to figure out whether the man, Mr. Lecter, was just bluffing about having met him before tonight. Yet he could not figure out anything apart from a subtle smile on the strangely handsome face.

'Shall we?' Stepping just a little too close into Will's personal space, Hannibal seemed to be unconcerned with the cold glint of Will's sharp teeth as if they had been friends for years. Well, if that's how the man wanted to play it, he certainly did not mind an amuse-bouche before moving onto the main course of the evening's venture.

'It certainly seems like we have a lot of catch up on. After you, mister.'

'Your manner has improved, Will. I'm glad to see you again here.' Hannibal nodded to the sarcasm, and the reply sent chills down Will's spine when he looked into those eyes that could only belong to another monster made entirely out of bloody fangs and insatiable appetite. *An acquaintance, then.* He followed the man's unhurried step in matching strides inside the gaping door that promised not only blood, but also… Poisons, most likely. His heart was racing wildly, pulses of heat waves travelled their way up to the newly acquired mark on his face. In retrospection, he realised that it was the mark of a moth - the seeker of manufactured promise of light in the darkness. If 'Mr. Lecter' really was responsible for it, he would make sure that there would be nothing left of the man but broken bones by the end of the night.

~*~

Back at least a hundred years ago, in his younger years Will was not as careful on his hunting trips as these days. The Federal Force found biometric scent trace of the latest animal he had slaughtered to feed his pet, a Commissioner who sold indigenous tribes into slavery. His trial was expedited with minimal publicity, and they locked him away inside a black-hole prison in Cygnus A, hoping that those beasts would be hungry enough to devour each other. And they were, they all were.

It was there he met the prisoner B51608 who was only allowed to eat liquid food through the gap on a mask constantly fixed onto the lower half of his face. Will remembered that one day B51608 was gouging out the eyes of Belgrude, who was known to have destroyed hundreds of planets with his chemistry factories. He observed the rise and fall of the muscles on the man's back, the focused, serene look, and only broke out of the trance when B51608 winked at him.

Wordlessly, Will too went up behind Freddie Lounds who was ready to pounce onto the B51608 with a sharpened piece of plastic. He crushed the skull against the nearest metal table in three messy, yet satisfying strikes sending splinters of bone and mingled bit of brain onto himself and those who watched from a few steps away.

By then, B51806 was done was his own brand of business. The sterile, white prison uniform dyed with speckles of dripping crimson. And as if pre-dictated by some unseen entity, they caught each other's curious gazes and rabid appreciation as the wardens, who were alerted just seconds too late, emerged from the entrance to subdue the two of them.

Three nights after, Will opened the door to his cell with the finger he bit off from a now-dead security, and made his way to the bottom level - the heart of Hell, the root of Inferno - with the man's right eye held between his fingers like token. Making his ways through numerous lead doors and several patrol squads, Will arrived in front of the barren glass cage holding the masked prisoner. Even without light, they still sensed each other's presence and made their way to the seemingly fragile barrier between them just beside the wall. Will rested his palm on the glass, and felt the ghost of temperature impossibly from the other man's matching touch. He flipped on the intercom switch with the security's finger.

'I was thinking about you as well.' That was the first thing he said to Will.

'Why Belgrude? You don't care about what he did outside.' He whispered into the the microphone, mesmerised by the flash of teeth beneath the iron mask.

'He was rude.' Came the reply. And their shared laughter rippled out in the impregnable shroud of gloom underground.

'How come? You must be aware that none of us was supposed to be interacting with you in any form.'

'I see, so you are unaware of it then.'

'What should I be aware of, *bitte sagen Sie*.'

'I would be more than happy for us to address each other in *du*, but it's completely up to you, Mr. Graham. Where did you learn the language, however?'

'*I read, most of the time, and go south in the winter.*'

'An apt explanation. Pardon my curiosity. It was just that Mr. Belgrude was once convinced that he and I shared some sort of friendship with his second-hand interpretations of the First Earth Era literatures. So once, he had erroneously chosen to divulge to me his appreciation of… The muscular structure of your southern part, you see, and I did not appreciate his use of language.

Will laughed in incredulity, more entertained than he should be, 'The man want to get it up my ass? Is that what you're saying, old man?'

'I believe there to be no more than thirty years between us in terms of the absolute time alive. Your taunt is unnecessary.'

'I know,' replied Will, 'but tell me, are you jealous of how Mr. Belgrude was able to express his desires in such a liberated manner?' He placed his lips close to the glass, and observed with satisfaction how the other man's pupils dilated into an all-consuming darkness.

‘What do you think, Mr. Graham?’

‘Will.’

‘The image of you intrigutes me more than in the metaphorical sense.’

‘So you are jealous then. Tell me your name.’

‘Names are empty.’

‘I promise to say it when I come tonight. Pretty *please?*’

B51608 considered the proposition, crimson shadows escaping from beneath the harmless shade of maroon. And from the gaps of the mask, Will made out the sharp reminiscence of the neat rows of teeth of the other man.

‘Hannibal. And I believe you should leave now, Mr. Graham. Petrol Squad 3 is reaching the second last corridor. You have 40 seconds. Good evening.’

’Good evening to you too. Tell me about your jealousy, will you?’

‘I shall. And you shouldn’t need to wait long, Will.’

That night, lying back on the bed in his own cell after locking the door in a gesture of mockery, Will turned his back to the camera and reached inside his prison trouser and coarse underwear. After a few harsh strokes and grunts deep down his throat, he came long and hard thinking of the way the other man’s menacing promise of a rendez-vous, soon.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

~*~

'What brought you to Kepler-444? I always imagined that you would prefer other parts of the universe.'

'An accident, my dog died.'

'I'm sorry to hear that, Will.'

'You are not. And whoever you are, Mr. Lecter, I always believe that people like us would fare better with fewer people who know anything about us. Don't you agree?'
They settled down inside a booth at a far corner of the bar, and Will spotted his chosen prey quickly even among the mesmerising lights and uncertain beats of music, whose hands moved carelessly up and down the bare thighs of the still-moving body of the potential victim (he admired her tenaciousness, which renewed his appetite at her tormentor. He wanted to strip the man free of any flesh, leaving him with just bones and a cold heart.)

Opposite him, 'Mr. Lecter' remained silent for a while. And Will took the time to carefully untangle the superfluous details in his companion's unusual appearances. There were too many things that serve as camouflage to the man in his outfit that while attracting all the superficial attentions, no one would truly notice what he looked like. Every single detail - the Windsor knot, the subtle paisley pattern on the satin lapel of his suit, the cufflinks made out of the polished bone of some animal, carved into the shape of antlers. They seemed to both explain bits and pieces of their owner while posing more question to the spectators. A bird of prey rejoicing in the confusion of the crowd stirred up by its feathers, a snake coiled into hypnotising mix of colourful lies and lethal truth.

'I do not disagree. The right to live care-free among a world of acquaintances does not apply to those of us who require the privacy of the shadow.' His companion restarted the conversation again, and the music of the bar has been switched into the low, sensual humming of synthesised syllables so there was no need to shout above the music and crowd. Will had no doubt that they were being listened to by someone in the bar. He tsked in annoyance of the unnecessary inconvenience. Table manner be damned, he did not find Mr. Lecter that interesting, after all. Perhaps it would be for the better if he left and waited for the opportunity to arise. A little risky since a wandering stranger tended to attract attention after certain hours, but not something he could not control. He considered the network of obscure lanes and parapets weaved around the bar and the time needed for Abigail to make her way here, and renewed his hope for a perspective of a successful hunting.

'I couldn't say that it has been a pleasure meeting you tonight, Mr. Lecter. I really must leave now. But before I go, do you mind telling me where I can find you, for next time when I'm soberer than last night?' Although Lecter might be too big an animal to bring down with no

preparation, he can always come back and finish the job, in the near future if he's lucky enough.

'What a shame. Did you not like the design of it?' The changing pastel light inside the bar accentuated the shadows just under Lecter's cheekbone and hid his eyes for a moment in obscurity. He looked up at Will as the latter got ready to end their brief meeting. Beneath the polite tone, Will sensed something more poignant and menacing, and decided better than walking out without answering, despite part of him being tempted to provoke Lecter just to see how the man would react. He touched the small patch of healing skin self-consciously, and frowned again when he could not figure out why he would ask for a moth even if his brain was practically shut down by the amount of chemical in his bloodstream.

'Did I tell you why I wanted a moth? In all honesty, I thought I might ask for a portrait of Winston on my back or something.'

'And Winston is?' Lecter replied with another question, a touch of impatience glided pass his face like the transient lights around them.

'That's the dog. Why?'

'No reason. And in fact, no, you did not ask for a moth, Will. I decided to give you one. It suits you.'

'You what? And my fucking hair?' In consternation Will loomed over Mr. Lecter and balled his hands into fists, itching to crush something. And at that very second, Will was tempted to just press a knife into the temple of the man who was smirking at him from his seat. It would be so very gratifying to twist the blade into the thin barrier of bones and wipe the annoying look off that face forever. Lecter simply sitting there unfazed as if Will's clear anger bore no sign of concern did not help his temper, either. But before he could grab the man by his collar and at least had the satisfaction of leaving the man with a bruised eye, Mr. Lecter spoke again, this time with a softened expression.

'You have wandered away from me for long enough, Will. Have you ever wondered how Abigail ended up in that Trading Centre in Alnilam when you found her? What's more, have you not thought about why no one was guarding the storage facility that night?'

With each words falling into the condensing air in between them, Will's treacherous brain echoed those questions with the same doubt that had haunted him all these years after his escape from Cygnus A. A realisation settled in slowly yet firmly, and eventually beneath the farcical hair colour and choice of outfit, he recognised Hannibal.

He left the man in that Recuperation Centre when they reached Centaurus. He had no intention of seeing the face of some of the most dangerous figures in the known universe. Such knowledge was usually the promise of disaster with no practical value, something that better left buried and untouched. After all, the universe was vast enough for Will to never set foot on the galaxy again. It should also be enough for them to be out of each other's life.

'I thought it was just good luck that I managed to find her in the first place on my list… Mr. Lecter.' Will was no longer sure whether the source of his erratic heartbeat was fear or

expectation, or both. They were a loose end to each other, after all, despite everything. ‘I heard that you have reached a truce with the Federation after Cygnus A. Is that why you are here, after me, may I assume?’

‘5% of the annual profit in the mining sector is a pretty substantial contribution towards the Federation’s annual budget. We are now on good terms, I’d say. And there is no need of assumption or second-guess here, Will. I am here because of you.’

‘Do the people here know you? It doesn’t seem like that to me.’ Registering the discrepancy, Will voiced his doubt. He would expect a lot more formalities and fanfares given the personal presence of Hannibal. ‘Are they put off by your new style? The last time I saw you on TV you looked a lot more sensible.’

‘Precisely the reason why to travel with them. What do you think?’

‘Befitting.’ Will gritted his teeth and squeezed out the response. But before he could properly register the way Hannibal leapt out from behind the seat and threw a knife just past his cheek, which landed onto someone behind him accompanied by a painful groan.

‘I’d take it as a compliment. But Mr. Victor Arnold, it is of poor taste that you attempt to drug my friend in the middle of our conversation.’ The whole venue quieted down as Hannibal picked up the glass syringe holding an innocuous transparent liquid with his handkerchief. In dismay of his lapse of attention, Will realised that his plan tonight was probably ruined - the now half-blind man that would be much easier to kill after this and he hated bland, effortless victories.

Fortunately, the sulking did not last for long. His mood soon lightened up when he realised that several people from the receding patrons were closing in on them.
‘You and your friend are not walking out of here tonight, Lecter! You shouldn’t have come here in the first place - Kepler is the territory of the Arnolds now since you are a coward enough to side with the Federation.’ Stumbling backwards away from them, Victor Arnold pulled the dagger out of his socket, leaving gushes of blue blood flowing down from the hollowness. It turned purple underneath the red light like a comic scene from a broken dream.

When one of the men aimed at Will with his gun, clearly having taken him as the easier target, Will grinned, and launched at him. He disarmed the man by twisting the joints on his shoulder a full 90 degrees and pushed the barrel into the gasping mouth. He pulled the trigger, and marked the opening of the night. From the corner of his eyes, Will made out the ardent gaze from Hannibal, and in between gutting open another of Victor’s (inadequate) soldier, he realised that he missed the man as well.

~*~

They have just left the event horizon marking the edge of the prison in a Federation vessel, and the level of adrenaline in his body did not help Will with the sense of nausea from the minor breach of spacetime. He swore to himself that never again would he be arrested. If he had been eating solid food instead of protein paste he’d probably be regurgitating by now, which he doubted that his companion would appreciate.

Gradually recovering from the disorientation, Will turned to look at Hannibal in the pilot seat, entering coordinations and setting up a few other instructions to the system. Behind them, the lifeless body of the superintendent was unceremoniously tossed to the ground after they used his palm to bypass the system.

‘We should get rid the mask for you to begin with.’

‘You have any recommendation, Will?’

‘Rigel, Orion. Look for the mechanic Beverley Katz. I know your men can probably work pass these circuits and the material given the time, but you’d want her for this job.’

‘Will you not come along?’ Hannibal’s eyes did not leave the screen as he set up the automatic-aiming function of the laser canons.

‘First, let’s deal with the rats.’ He didn’t answer the question, didn’t know how to, to be precise. It was clear since their first meeting that Hannibal would not be kept inside the depth of that prison. He hoped that it would also be his chance out of the shit-hole of a place. Will has always been a pragmatic man. And once his mind cleared itself of the hypnotising high from the catharsis of tearing their way out of the cage that was unfortunate enough to hold the pair of them, Hannibal Lecter was the last person anyone with a single shred of rationality would need as their travel companion. It did not matter in the insulated abyss of Cygnus, to an extent, but it meant nothing but unnecessary risk outside.

He considered the few options over and over again in his mind. There was, obviously, the possibility of killing Lecter as soon as they have reached Centaurus outside the jurisdiction of the Federation. A course of action that would probably send the rest of Lecter’s associates after him, and here they were talking about armed forces that could breach the security of a top-level prison.

Hannibal, realising that his companion had fallen into an unusual taciturnity, silently accepted the agenda that Will was surely ruminating on. ‘They are getting closer, Will. What do you want to do?’

‘Send them back where they came from.’ With a sly smile, he fired, and the small fleet that was creeping up on them exploded in the vacuum, sending flares and stars into boundless height and depth. Like a salute, like a farewell.

‘I will remember this day forever.’ He whispered. And as the motley of razor-sharp glares of the stars stretched into fleeting shadows swimming pass the windshield, he reached for Hannibal’s hand in promise, in indefinite terms.

~*~

When Will said that he would be back by the time Hydra rose, for a quick drink, Hannibal merely nodded in acknowledgement from the uncomfortable armchair, and continued to read Horace from his memory. He could not help but remained in the first stanza.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

He watched the shadow paused for long moments in the corridor outside, then finally disappeared with hastened footsteps into the realms beyond his reach.
All separations were the harbinger of reunion. He just had to be patient.

~*~

Behind them, the bar was set alight like a bonfire heralding the arrival of a new day in the emptied street. Will left the young girl under the lamppost opposite the scene and gave her a universal detox solution. Thinking back on how much Price and Zeller had managed to extort from him with the formula, he couldn't help but take a second to mourn for his wallet. The area had been cordoned down by Lecter's man wearing Federation Force uniform drifting at a distance.

Hannibal was standing beside him, bearing several newly acquired bruises on his face, several strands of his hair caked with dried blood. He wondered how a hundred years later he still could not understand Will entirely, despite there has not been a single day he lived without the image of him wandering through the ground of his mind.

'So how did I end up in a dumpster, if you managed to take custody of me in the first place?' Will rose back to his full height as well, his shirt had practically turned into rags.

'You fought your way out valiantly, and I could do nothing but respect your choice.'

'Like you even know what that phrase means, Hannibal. I don't suppose I can get rid of you now? Don't even bother to pretend otherwise with me.'

'You haven't tried hard enough.'

'I wasn't even trying, I suppose. I went look for you in your past, and left flowers at the tomb of Mischa.'

'I saw that, too.'
'There is no need to be proud of that, Hannibal. I believe the official term is stalking.'

'Where are you going next?'

'Paying a visit to Katz so we can reminisce together the halcyon days when you were muzzled and talked less.'

An hour later, when he saw another ship lurking on the radar of Abigail, Will sent an amicable middle finger through the briefly connected communication system. The ship took off with a quiet roar of the machine, and soon blended into the horizon beyond.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve been listening to an unhealthy amount of psychedelic music for the past few days... :D

Also I now have even more respect than I did for the 20k+ fics I’ve consumed. You guys are my new heroes.

And again, thanks for reading!❤️

End Notes

I didn't think I'd be able to write anything today but hey here I am again! This is only very remotely related to the prompt but also my first chaptered work? I would aim to finish it over the next few days :D Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!